



OUR
ART-FUL CRITIC
AT THE
ROYAL ACADEMY.



ALL ROUND THE TRUTH.—*Income-tax Inquisitor*. What is your profession? *Victim*. Well, I live by the spheres. *Income-tax Inquisitor*. A geographer, I presume? *Victim*. No, I depend

upon three balls. *Income-tax Inquisitor*. Ah! I understand. A pawnbroker! *Victim*. Wrong once again. I'm a billiard marker!



WHEN STRONG LANGUAGE MAY BE EXCUSABLE.

"WELL, I'M —— ! DROPPED MY MATCHBOX INTO THE RIVER, LEFT MY FLASK AND CHICKEN SANDWICHES ON THE SIDEBOARD AT HOME, AND I'M A GOOD FIVE MILES FROM ANYWHERE !"

SOLDIERING AT HOME.

(Page from a House-holder's Diary.)

Monday.—Much impressed with the Prime Minister's speech at the Primrose League gathering at the Albert Hall. Why not prepare yourself for war without leaving your own home? Become the complete soldier on your own premises. Will try the idea at once. Send for "The Soldiers' Pocket-Book," and other publications of a martial character. In the meanwhile warn my household to be on the alert.

Tuesday.—BINNS the butler wants to give notice! Says he is not accustomed to being called up at 3 a.m. "for nothing." Idiot! Why, in this manner I was training him for a night attack. The footman, too, kicks at doing his work with a magazine rifle slung across his shoulders. Absurd! How can he expect to prepare himself for home defence unless he adapts himself to an assumed time of war? Dragged up the pony trap to the brow of the hill, to accustom myself to pulling up heavy guns. Very tired.

Wednesday.—Armed with my reference works I insisted upon knocking up some entrenchments. The gardener complained that it interfered with his work. He didn't like "this messing about his

potato beds." Read him a chapter upon "how to besiege a fortress," but he said it was out of his line and he preferred to stick to cabbages. Very difficult to arouse a martial spirit amongst my retainers. The boy in buttons takes to "sentry go" rather, but I fancy it is with the object of raiding the position he is supposed to guard—the store cupboard.

Thursday.—Getting on famously. Have set all the female servants to work upon bandages, etc., for the use of the wounded. My wife says she can get none of the rooms done because the maids are engaged elsewhere. Explain that we are only preparing for war. That if we were really besieged we should have no time for the "doing of rooms." My wife replies that we are not really at war and the whole affair is nonsense.

Friday.—My two boys came home from school and entered into my project with enthusiasm. They, fortunately, have some pistols and blank ammunition. With the assistance of my military works of reference we carried out a miniature campaign. Attacked all the houses for miles round and ended at night with a splendid display of fireworks.

Saturday.—Half-a-dozen summonses and all the servants on the move. Cook says

STEYN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL.

[Ex-President STEYN has been assuring his countrymen that thousands of foreign troops are on their way to help the Boers.]

COME, listen to me, Burghers, and raise your cheers on high, For the day of our redemption is drawing very nigh, When the rooineks shall be smitten and be cast into the sea, And the country down to Cape Town shall be Afrikander-free ! For the nations have arisen and are flocking to our aid, A sort of universal help-the-Boer 'gainst British raid. Full twenty thousand Laplanders are sailing from the north, And half a million Arabs to the south are marching forth ; Five hundred Russian ironclads are now upon their way To join a million French marines in Delagoa Bay. Four Army Corps of Germans are now landing in Natal, We've even got ten regiments from that sneaking Portugal ! From the wild west of America there come the Cherokees, And the Emperor in person is commanding the Chinese ; In short, there's not a nation but is longing for the day When the Absent-minded Beggar shall be made our bill to pay ! When you, my worthy Burghers, shall with loyalty and glee Proclaim that all your blessings were derived from PAUL and ME !

THE BAR AND ITS GROANING.

(To the Editor of *Punch*.)

SIR,—The compiler of the amusing column in the *Globe*, headed "Wig and Gown," complains that at the Annual Meeting of the Bar, only one end of the Long Vacation was discussed. It was suggested that the forensic holiday should commence on August 1. But, complains the *Globe*, nothing was said about the termination of the days of rest. I ask, why should anything have been uttered on such a subject?

Sir, I am convinced, and I have arrived at the conclusion after twenty years' experience in Court and Chambers, that the time of the ending of the Long Vacation does not affect my practice in the least. Yours, &c., A. BRIEFLLESS, JUNIOR.

she won't stay another hour "as everything's at sixes and sevens." My wife has written to her rector brother and threatens a separation. I have done my best to introduce the life military into the house civil. But really it seems to have caused complications. I am quite sure the Premier did not wish to put any of his supporters to personal inconvenience. So I will write for further information. In the meanwhile I close my diary until I receive his Lordship's reply.

TO A WELSH LADY.

(Written at Clovelly.)

THE reason why I leave unsung Your praises in the Cymric tongue

You know, sweet NELLY ;
You recollect your poet's crime—
How, when he tried to sing "the time,"
He made "the place" and "loved one"
rhyme,
You and Dolgelly !

But now, although a shocking dunce,
I've learnt, in part, the Welsh pronunciation deathly.

I dream of you in this sweet spot,
And, for your sake, I call it what
Its own inhabitants do not—
That is, "Clovethly" !



"AND WHY DOES YOUR MASTER WANT TO SELL THE HORSE?"

"E DOAN CARE FOR 'IM, SIR."

"BUT WHY DOESN'T HE CARE FOR HIM? YOU TELL YOUR MASTER THAT I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM ABOUT IT."

"WELL, TO TELL YE THE TRUTH, SIE, 'E AIN'T COME OUT O' THE 'OSPITAL YIT, SIR!"

A LYRIST'S LAMENT.

[*"The War Literature has outrun the demand."* —
Daily Paper.]

I HAVE left your praises, DAPHNE,

All this while unsung,

On my walls the pipe and tabor

Silent idly hung;

While to praise of Khaki bays

I my lyre have strung.

For the fashion of the moment

Warlike song required,

So with bellicose emotions

Promptly I was fired,

Of warriors bold my numbers told,

With battle's heat inspired.

Thus to crude, uncultured strains

I trained my once trim verse;

And a rugged style affected

Kiplingesque and terse;

Deeds strange to me, all crabbedly,

I laboured to rehearse.

Now alas! the Khaki market

Is, I understand,

Overstocked, accumulated

Stacks remain on hand;

Verse while I in sheaves supply

There's really no demand.

Ah! BELLONA, maid deceitful,

By whose ill advice,

I was fain my old allegiance

Thus to sacrifice;

When for a dole I sold my soul,

You bilk me of the price.

"UP WENT THE PRICE OF—"

It had always been a costly product of the British Isles, ever since its discovery in the reign of the Old King who took his name therefrom; but at the close of the nineteenth century it became enormously appreciated in value.

From a variety of causes—the disinclination of operatives to work more than three hours a week, the eagerness of foreign governments to possess themselves of specimens, the formation of a De Beers-like combination among the proprietors in order to restrict the output, the infliction of even more stringent penalties than in the case of I. D. B. for the repression of illicit traffic in the commodity—it's rareness increased to such an extent as to tax the cheque-book of a billionaire.

Only one peeress could afford to have a genuine pair of earrings embellished with

this precious substance. A few other highly-placed ladies exhibited imitation necklaces of the same. A variety actress had a complete *parure*, it is true, but then she was engaged to a couple of dukes, at least, so said the American papers.

A few small portions occasionally strayed into the market, and came under the hammer (metaphorically). They more than realised their weight in diamonds, great auk's eggs, Boer Generals' teeth, or whatever is most treasured on the face of the earth.

An especially choice fragment, weighing several hundred carats, was commandeered by Lord ROBERTS from President KRÜGER's private safe, at the end of the Transvaal War. This was, by Act of Parliament, conveyed to Her Majesty for the adornment of her new Imperial Crown, to be guarded in the Tower with the rest of the regalia for ever.

One other nugget was discovered by a private excavator in a suburban back-yard, and, for fear of the reporters and the law of treasure-trove, anonymously transferred to the British Museum, where it took the place of the Barberini Vase.

It was a piece of Best Wallsend Coal.

PUNCH.

SOME TALK ABOUT HIM. BY TOBY, M.P.



of my Master, pleased as *Punch* with a little turn he had just given to his ever-loving, always-faithful, portrait of the British Lion.

Students of my old friend DICKY DOYLE's immortal, yet ever fresh, frontispiece will observe that I am seated on ten tomes of the half-yearly volumes. It is generally supposed, in the loose way epoch-making events get obscured in the mist of ages, that *Punch* was born with his front page cover, as Thingummy leaped into life clad in armour. That's a mistake. Mr. *Punch* was thought of in the earliest inception of the design. But I did not step on to the scene till *Punch* was in his fourth year.

Strange as it will seem to a generation that was, so to speak, suckled on *Punch*, and has grown up into thinking nothing is possible but the wrapper of to-day, it had six predecessors. PHIZ did an early one; Sir JOHN GILBERT essayed a Gothic design; KENNY MEADOWS drew a pretty picture; then came DICKY DOYLE with a sort of study for the masterpiece which saw the light in Number 301 of *Punch*, published on January 6, 1840.

Looking back upon it, I find eloquent signs of the times in the books advertised. Here is *A Man Made of Money*, by DOUGLAS JERROLD, which no one reckons of to-day. Here's Part Three of *Pendennis*, by W. M. THACKERAY, with illustrations on Steel and Wood, by the Author; to-day a classic among English novels. Here's the *Comic History of England*, by G. A. ÅBECKETT; and here are *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, by DOUGLAS JERROLD, "neatly bound in Fep. 8vo, and Illustrated by JOHN LEECH, price 2s. 6d."

What price to-day, gentle reader, for this modest half-crown volume, with its peerless pictures of the deathless couple?

Since, in the middle of the century, I was enthroned on ten volumes the pile has grown out of all bounds. I see in the papers alluring pictures of 25 quadruple volumes handsomely bound in royal red, neatly packed in a bookcase. These, I read, contain all that Mr. *Punch* said and thought, printed and pictured, in his first fifty years, lying between 1841 and 1891. To make even number there is thrown in a 26th volume, consisting of the *History of Punch*, by M. H. SPIELMANN, the BOSWELL of a greater even than Dr. JOHNSON.

My glittering eye rests upon the announcement, "Only One Guinea in Cash. Orders should be booked without delay." I should think so! Will trot off and order a set for myself. Would like to know, by way of change, what it feels like to sit on 25 quadruple volumes, not to mention the SPIELMANN tome. On further inspection, I find that the guinea down is a preliminary performance. On paying it you get your full library of books delivered, afterwards paying fourteen guinea instalments. Cash down, we—I mean they—can hand the lot over

for £15. Considering that the ordinary price has been a trifle over £28, it brings into fresh light the desirability of moving with the *Times*.

That the greatest daily and the most famous weekly in the world should thus work together to spread the light is singularly appropriate. Once upon a time, I made tracks round the world, following the westering sun and coming back, as the wise have ever done, from the East. I noted with interest how in whatever small town, howsoever remote from centres of population, wherever two or three English were gathered together in a club, there in the midst of them two papers were found. One was the *Times*; the other *Punch*. Further afield on remotest verges of civilization, the expenditure of three pence a day, the lateness, possible irregularity, of delivery, barred the *Times*. But there on the table shone the welcoming face of *Punch* warming the heart with home-kindling thought.

In Yokohama a man, unannounced, approached my kennel at the hotel and laid a volume at its entrance. It was the *Japan Punch*, all written and drawn by his own hand, reproduced in sufficient numbers by some process of copying. He had heard that a humble retainer of Mr. *Punch* was on his way to pay his respects to the MIKADO, and brought his roughly-worked volume as a tribute.

When I send in my guinea to the *Times* Office and have straightway delivered the 25 quadruple volumes, I will lay on top of them this slim booklet from Japan, as a testimony of the universality of sympathy and affection that makes the wide world my old Master's home.

Some one has written—I think in the *Spectator*—that there is no other weekly paper that could stand the market test of the republication of fifty years' issue. That is true, and since the book buyer is a shrewd person, who insists on having value for his money, the enterprise and its remarkable success supply perhaps the highest proof of intrinsic merit. In a fine passage DON JOSÉ once said, with special reference to Mr. GLADSTONE, that great men are like great mountains. We do not appreciate their magnitude while we are still close to them. We must go afar off before we see which peak it is that towers above its fellows.

A humble retainer in a historic household, placed outside the intimate circle, I am, in some degree, able to realize the condition here laid down. I perceive that Mr. *Punch*'s supremacy, established half a century ago by LEECH, DOYLE, DOUGLAS JERROLD, MARK LEMON, and GILBERT ÅBECKETT, maintained in later years by men whose names are household words, is based not wholly upon wit or humour flashed forth whether with pen or pencil. Behind these are a clear head, a kind heart, a lofty idea of gentlemanhood. A long and close study of the House of Commons has borne in upon me the conviction that, as a corporate body, it is wiser than its wisest members, jester than the most judicial-minded, more courteous in manner, higher in tone, than its most perfect gentleman. So it is with *Punch*. Also, like the House of Commons, *Punch* has its far-reaching traditions, its precious personal memories and associations, which those who to-day sit round the old mahogany tree are, above all things, jealous to maintain, so that they may hand them on untarnished to their successors.

How those traditions grew, and what are the personal associations, still cherished in Literature and Art, will appear in the pleasant process of sauntering through this richly-garnished store-house of fifty years.

The Kennel, Barks.





THE ILLUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE.

Master-Printer Punch (to His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor). "I HEAR, SIR, YOUR SON, THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM, HAS A FANCY FOR PRINTING. WHY NOT BIND HIM OVER TO ME?"

[It is said that, like all members of the Royal House the Crown Prince will learn a trade, and that his taste lies in the direction of typography.]



Vicar's Wife. "I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AT CHURCH FOR SOME TIME, Rustic. "Noa, I AIN'T BEEN LATELY. BUT I DON'T GO NOWHERE ELSE, I ASSURE YE!"

THE NEW GALLERY AND SOME OLD PICTURES.

12. Mr. MOFFAT LINDNER here gives us a specimen of a peculiarly lumpy sea; evidently a sea that has been recently "ploughed."

25. A real good "pool" by the A.R.A. whose name is so suggestive of an ecclesiastical Pluralist, or several single clergymen rolled into one, yclept PARSONS. Delightful.

27. Charming little Woodscape, by Miss ANNETTE ELIAS, which the fair artist entitles "*The Elder Bush*." But where is this reverend "Elder" BUSH? Is he hiding from the Younger BUSH? Neither is visible. But what matter? A good picture needs no BUSH.

34. A refreshing landscape, by JAMES ORROCK, which would be ever so much better could it be seen without reflection, that is without a glass over it. It is a glass too much.

N.B.—This remark applies to the majority of pictures in the New Gallery. Why under glass? Are the pictures being reared as if they were rare exotics?

45. C. E. HALLÉ shows us *Fatima* at a cupboard door, more suggestive of Jam than of the awful Blue Chamber, evidently trespassing on Blue Beard's "preserves." But *Fatima* herself is a sweet person with a rare taste in costume.

53. "Our Little Bill," by Mrs. KATE PERUGINI. Just when the little Bill was due for the holidays. Welcome Home!

56. "A Common," by CAMILLE VERNEDE. True to nature, and quite common.

103. "A Shady Stream at Haslemere," by CESARE FORMILI. Great CESARE, you have selected a lovely little sequestered spot "far from the madding crowd." This is where rests our CESARE FOUR-MILE-Y away from anywhere.

124. Mr. J. S. SARGENT, R.A.'s striking portrait of "Major-General Ian Hamilton, C.B., D.S.O." A Major-General represented by a SARGENT.

132. "Reconnoitering," by J. T. NETTLESHIP.

Here is a lion reconnoitering,
Just to see who may be loitering.

NETTLESHIP was looking out for the Lion, and the Lion for NETTLESHIP. NETTLESHIP caught the Lion: fortunately the Lion didn't catch NETTLESHIP. Where was the artist? *Lion's Puzzle*—To find NETTLESHIP! *Lion's Motto*, "Grasp your NETTLESHIP." *Artist's Proverb*, "First catch your Lion." We heartily congratulate His NETTLESHIP.

134. "A Richmond Gem."

139. G. F. WATTS, R.A., a portrait of "Wilfrid S. Blunt," from which it appears that W. S. B. is gradually fading away. Hope he'll last out the Exhibition!

147. "Ice Bears." His NETTLESHIP shows a polar bear and cub on an iceberg.

148. "A Meadow Stream." Deliciously cool this, Mr. ERNEST PARTON. When the thermometer's up to 98 in the shade—then—"Who fears to speak of '98' in such a delightful nook?

174. "Charles Harmsworth's" portrait by EDWIN A. WARD. To EDWIN A. WARD a prize.

175. But why didn't CHARLEY (174) borrow HILDEBRAND HARMSWORTH's lounging coat with bright blue lining for Mr. WARD to paint him in? This is as spirited a portrait as a HILDEBRANDY's should be.

181. "Betty," by H. GLAZEBROOK. Just a little BET, but a winning one.

185. "Mrs. Shannon," presented by Mr. SHANNON, A.R.A. A three-quarter length as being the artist's better half. Most striking picture, so striking, indeed, tha' her charming vis-*vis*, at No. 244, "Mrs. Temperley" (another SHANNON), is evidently doubtful as to how she should regard her, whether as friend or foe; which accounts no doubt for her puzzled expression which is neither a smile nor frown, but which might at a second's impulse become either. Therefore it would be pardonable to remember this other painted lady of Mr. SHANNON's as "Mrs. UNCERTAIN-TEMPERLEY."

197. Clever picture by Miss CONNELL of *Princess Badoura*, who is saying to the public, "See, I put silver threepennies all round my head, and a silver sixpence between my eyes, and yet I don't squint!"

219. "Macleod of Macleod," by Sir GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A. Fine picture; happy expression; no sign of My clouded brow.

After this we ought to see the gallery upstairs: "but that's another storey."

To the Grafton Galleries. To call upon fascinating "*Emma, Lady Hamilton*," in all sorts of costumes, as immortalised by GEORGE ROMNEY. We come away from the new to the old, and whether it be EMMA HART, afterwards Lady HAMILTON (with the HART suppressed), as St. Cecilia, as a Bacchante, as Cassandra, as a Spinstress, as a Seamstress, or as reading the news of one of NELSON's victories, these pictures of her are masterpieces illustrating the familiar story of the Romance of a surpassingly lovely woman. A drama of more than domestic interest told in several tableaux.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PART I. of CASSELL & Co.'s Series of the Royal Academy Pictures for 1900 is now out, and better memoranda of this year's show it would be hard to find. Some of the reproductions in this number are admirable, especially that of "*A Flying Squadron of the Old School*," by THOMAS SOMERSCALES. Neptune is a bad sitter as a rule, though even Neptune has his tranquil moments; but here the artist, like one of his own victorious old men-of-war, has "taken him in action," and caught his exact expression, which the photographer has most perfectly reproduced. "*The Fold Yard*," by YEEND KING, R.I., is another pleasing reproduction of a very charming picture.

Hilda Wade (GRANT RICHARDS), by the late GRANT ALLEN. The heroine of this novel is a kind of *Sherlock Holmes* in petticoats, accompanied by an admiring follower who is to her what "*Do you follow me Watson?*" was to the famous amateur detective. It begins well, and from time to time is interesting; but being

too much spun out, is consequently disappointing. It may be summed up as "Wade and found Wanting."

From the House of MURRAY come new editions of two classics, wide as the world apart. One is HAYWARD'S *Art of Dining*; the other, even better known, GEORGE BORROW's masterpiece, *The Bible in Spain*. Of their attractions as literature, my Baronite comes too late into the world to write. Of the form of the latest presentation it must be said it is excellent and reasonable in price. BORROW'S work contains reproductions of the original etchings, with photogravure and map. The *Art of Dining* has a portrait of its author which recalls the face of MR. LAYARD, sometime First Commissioner of Works in one of MR. GLADSTONE'S early Ministries.

Not the least clever thing about *Little Lady Mary* (SMITH, ELDER) is the device whereby MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON evades the prejudice against a volume of short stories. This one contains three, two good enough to carry the book far. The one from which it takes its name is brimful of life and character and has a quite new plot. A tale of London Society of to-day, its sometime tone of frivolity is deepened by a touch of tragedy. It will not be less acceptable since, unless my Baronite's vivid fancy misleads him, one of the best known ladies in London Society has, unconsciously, sat for the model of the charming *Lady Mary*.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A MYSTERY OF THE THAMES.

(Fragment of a Romance found on the banks of that river.)

THE Oldest Inhabitant was pleased to welcome the Eminent Antiquarian. The visit suggested, a compliment to the locality. There was not much to be seen at that bend of the river, but that little had evidently proved attractive.

"Have you any quaint vessel of interest?" asked the Antiquarian.

The Inhabitant thought for a moment. There were weird-looking jugs that had been sold with pounds of jam, there were twisted bottles that had contained Greek-grown wine, but neither of these articles could strictly be said to figure under the heading of local manufactures.

"I mean," continued the lover of the past, "on your river."

Then the Inhabitant became enthusiastic.

"Yes, we have indeed a very old vessel. We have seen that vessel for many years plying between the bridges on our dear old stream. See, here it comes."

As he spoke a ship came floating along. It had masts but no sails, and was evidently propelled by machinery.

"A very interesting relic," murmured



"SURE, PAT, AND WHAT ARE YE WEARIN' YE'R COAT BUTTONED UP LOIKE THAT ON A WARM DAY LOIKE THIS?"

"FAITH, YE'R RIVERENCE, TO HOIDE THE SHIRT OI HAVEN'T GOT ON!"

the Antiquarian. "Strange that amongst so much that is new one should find something so old, so very old."

"Yes, it is very old," said the Inhabitant with pride. "I remember it as a boy, and, no doubt, my father remembered it as a boy before me."

"It seems to me to be Early Victorian, if not even earlier," commented the Antiquarian, who had been inspecting the vessel through his field glasses. "How did it get here?"

"It has been bought and sold many times and oft," replied the Inhabitant. "There is a tradition in the neighbourhood that it will outlive the *Flying Dutchman*."

"Do you know the name of the first commander?"

"Well, they do say it was NOAH—but I may be wrong."

"I think it scarcely dates from Diluvian times," said the Antiquarian, "although it certainly must be very ancient. But you have not told me yet its name. What is it?"

Then came the reply which filled the mind of the visitor with amazement and amusement.

"It is called a Thames Steamboat!"

SUGGESTED MOTTO FOR THE WOMAN'S EXHIBITION.—All the fun of the Fair.

PERTE DU SÉNÉGAL.

ENCORE UN OUTRAGE !

SELON une dépêche de l'Afrique du Sud, les Anglais ont saisi le Sénégal. Ces abominables bandits ignorent même l'orthographe du mot; ils l'écrivent "Senekal." Mais c'est évidemment la même chose. Las de tous ces combats inutiles contre les héros paysans du Transvaal, les traitres d'outre Manche ont attaqué une colonie française. C'est vrai que nous autres Français nous ne saurions dire sans hésiter où se trouve cette colonie. Elle est quelque part en Afrique, au delà d'Alger. N'importe ! Elle est à nous !

Est-ce qu'il sera permis aux brigands britanniques de mourir au milieu des marais pestilentiels où tant de nos compatriotes ont succombé ? Non, mille fois, non !

L'abominable LOUBET, l'ignoble WALDECK-ROUSSEAU, l'atroce DELCASSE ne pensent qu'à l'organisation de leur Exposition ridicule. Ils ne s'occupent guère des colonies françaises. Mais moi, TROPPORT,

"MAGDA."

LET me at once say to all those for whom fine acting is a great treat, of rare occurrence, that if they let slip the present chance of seeing Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL as *Magda* they will

have to deplore a lost opportunity. Since Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL startled all London playgoers with her rendering of *Paula Tanqueray*, she has had no part exactly suited to her remarkable dramatic power. Her *Magda* is a grand histrionic display : at the present moment there is nothing like it to be seen in London (except Signora DUSE in the Italian version of this play), nor I suspect in Paris; indeed, it would be difficult,

if not impossible, to find any other actress capable of playing this part so perfectly in every respect as Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

No stronger contrast to Mrs. CAMPBELL's *Magda*, the vivacious, impulsive professional singer and woman of the bohemian world, could there be than the *Marie* of Miss WINIFRED FRASER, her innocent, warm-hearted younger sister. Motherly and commonplace is their honest step-mother, represented by Miss FRANCES IVOR, while Miss HELEN BOURCHER as *Franziska*, *Marie's* aunt, is a delightfully acidulated person, who, with Miss PAGE, Miss COLLEN, and Miss LOGAN, ably represents the slight touch of broad comedy that relieves the somewhat severe tone of the play. The hearty boyish lover, Lieutenant Max, of Mr. ALBERT



MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT—"THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS."

This portrait—attributed to the Common Sargent, but evidently from another hand—was discovered in the Isle of Wight, and is supposed to be the counterfeit presentment of a famous athlete in his new rôle.

je m'en occupe. Je ne suis pas militaire. Je ne veux pas me battre. Mais j'écris.

Tremblez donc, Joë CHAMBERLAIN, maréchal d'Angleterre ! Tremblez donc complices de ce chef du Syndicat anglo-juif ! Moi je vous regarde. Ne touchez pas au territoire français. Je le protège.

HENRI TROPPORT.

WELL-MEANT ADVICE.

WHEN the clock is striking seven

From the clinging bed to rise
(Having sought it by eleven)
Makes you healthy, wealthy,
wise,

Fit to find the road to Heaven.

So the copy-books agree.

Yet precisely why a man
May not wise or wealthy be
Who affects another plan,
Is a mystery to me !

A FORCIBLE OBJECTION.—What is the use of appointing a committee on any matter whatever, when from the very nature of the case it is bound to be sat upon, and even its own members must sit upon it !

GRAN, could not be improved upon; and assuming that a cockney pronunciation may be taken as equivalent to the "low German" of the kitchen, Miss CARLTON's *Theresa*, the serving maid, is also acceptable as contributing towards "the relief of *Magda*."

Mr. FRANK MILES as *Dr. Von Keller*, the cowardly, heartless, but highly respectable seducer, lets the audience into the secrets of the man's hopelessly selfish and worldly nature, with most consummate art. His dress, make-up, and manner, are admirable.

Mr. BERTIE THOMAS as *Pastor Heftterding*, plays a most difficult part without any exaggeration; and this is great merit, since as preacher, spiritual guide, confidant, sincere friend of the family, and heart-sore lover of *Magda* in days gone by, there is every opportunity, every temptation to overact and become sentimentally stagey, and consequently ridiculous. It is an excellent performance.

As the old Colonel Leopold Schwartze, Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ is inimitable. Rarely, if ever, can he have played a part with more consummate art. And such a part ! Theatrically speaking, he is "a heavy father" of the heaviest type. He is a domestic martinet; his tyranny is intensified by his consciousness of failing brain power, and as he feels the sceptre of home rule slipping from his grasp, he clutches it all the more tightly, and acts with greater violence as he knows his time is short. He has had one stroke of paralysis, and his brain works slowly, yet by an occasional spasmodic effort he leaps to a truth. Mr. FERNANDEZ is to be congratulated on a very fine performance, which the least exaggeration would render ridiculous and tedious.

Nothing but such excellent acting as I have recorded above could have saved from a certain inevitable amount of ridicule a play made up of such good materials and yet so inartistically constructed that whenever it is requisite for one person to have a scene with another, as many of the other characters as may be on the stage at the time are told to go out into the garden, or into the library, or into some other room, as the case may



CREAM OF TARTAR.

[“At the Eastern Counties Dairy Farmers’ Dinner the other day, he (Professor McCONNEL) stated that music, suitable in quality, and administered at the right moment, was a never-failing means of increasing the supply of cream.”—*Daily Paper*.]

FARMER MANGOLD EXPERIMENTED WITH HERR STRÜMTEUFEL’S BAND, BUT RASHLY ADMINISTERED AN OVERDOSE.

be, and so the dialogue is obtained! This simple device occurs not once, but several times. Mr. L. N. PARKER’s writing sounds like a mere bald translation, and if he has not “adapted” dialogue, most certainly he has not improved the crude “stage directions.” However, “it serves,” and the very poverty of the piece makes the distinguished success of Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, and of her company, all the more remarkable. The Deuce is in it if the Royalty is not crowded nightly in spite of the DUSE being in it “in another place.”

A FRIEND AT THE FRONT.

THE NEW CANON.

[“The German Censor told the Emperor that before licensing a play he asked himself, ‘Could I see this with my wife?’ The Emperor suggested that a more searching question would be, ‘Could I see this with my daughter?’”—*Daily Paper*.]

Chorus of Wives.

SOME women will say, ere they go to a play,
“This piece my suspicion arouses,
For I hear it is so full of problems, you know—
Could we see such a play with our spouses ?”
But I think it is plain to the merest man’s brain
That we women would promptly remove all
Dramatic delights that can shorten our nights
If we wait for our husband’s approval.
Another criterion then we must make,
Not—Is it a drama to which we can take
Our husbands ?—That standard we long have
outgrown—
But—Is it a play we would visit alone ?

Chorus of Daughters.

Some girls have a way, ere they go to a play,
Of thinking, “Well, isn’t it rather—
They say that the scene—well, you know what I mean—
Do you think we could see it with father ?”
Dad pales at divorce; he thinks problems are coarse,
And everything wicked and bad is;
There’s little we’d know if we waited to go
With these very old women, our daddies.
Another criterion then we must make,
Not—Is it a problem to which we can take
Our fathers ?—That standard we too have out-
grown—
But—Is it a play we would visit alone ?

HOW TO WIN THE DERBY.

(By one who has all but done it.)

TAKE great care in purchasing a really good colt. Don’t let expense stand in your way, but be sure you get for money money’s worth.

Obtain the most experienced trainer in the market, and confide your colt to his care. But, at the same time, let him have the advantage of your personal encouragement and the opinion of those of your sporting friends upon whose judgment you can place reliance.

When the day of the great race draws near, secure the most reliable jockey and every other advantage that you can obtain for your valuable animal.

Then, having taken every precaution to win the Derby, why—win it!



SCENE—A Scotch Estate. The New Heir has run down to see the Property.

The Heir. "I SHA'NT BE ABLE TO COME AND SETTLE HERE JUST YET, McTAVISH, AS I'M ORDERED OUT TO SOUTH AFRICA, BUT—"
 McTavish (his Factor—with feeling). "A'M SORRY, —A'M VARA SORRY TO HEAR THAT" —(the Heir is rather touched)—"BECAUSE YE'LL UNDERSTAN', IF ONYTHING WAS TO HAPPEN TO YE, A DOOT THE ESTATE COULDNA STAN' TWA SUCCESSION DUTIES SO CLOSE."

DEPRECIATIONS.

XVI.

The Boer Delegates are interviewed by the American Press, which has come on board from the tender in New York Bay.

THE voyage? Thank you, we have borne it well,
 Meeting with fortitude our daily dole
 Of chastening sent by Heaven on whom it loves;

Heartened by faith; remembering how the wind
 Is tempered to the ewe-lamb short of wool.
 Moreover lo! a goodly thing it is
 By fasting, yea, by sickness long endured,
 To bring the body under, make it fit
 Against the swelling beanos Love prepares.

Our views of New York City? 'Tis a spot
 Riddled with institutions wise and rare,
 Where every cobble laid i' th' public ways
 Cries out aloud of freedom, manhood's rights,

The equal rectitude of Irish rule.
 So much for prime impressions; these and more

We will confirm at leisure, having seized
 An early opportunity to land.

Next, of the parties we should best placate.

You speak o' th' silver platform? Urge us run

The non-expansion ticket? These are terms

That ask intelligence beyond our scope
 Who hang upon the lips of brother LEYDS
 For lore of politics; yet our ears have heard

O' th' MONROE Doctrine, bruited loud of late,
 Whereby the Eastern Hemisphere is taught

To shun obstruction on your close preserves;

A gospel not applicable to you,
 Except by logic, easy to elude.

Touching, again, your War of Liberty,
 Whereof the brazen beneficiaries
 Seem tardy in their joy at change of yoke,
 If certain tales o' th' Philippines be fact—

How served the Anglo-Saxon bond for bar
 'Gainst Europe's intervention, proving blood

Thicker than water? Babble o' sentiment;

Mere unction good at after-dinner hours
 To ease exchange of yachtsmen's courtesies;

Not to be understood the serious way
 By public men with Celtic votes to catch.

Yet here again we speak as toothless babes,
 Unversed i' th' larger suffrage, taught to lean

Upon the good old oligarchical plan,
 Having, in fact, one simple rule of life—
 To live in peace at other men's expense.
 Tammany, Democrat, Republican,
 Mugwump, Expansionist—'tis Greek to us,
 Yet not so Greek but we will throw our weight

Into what scale is like to serve us best.

And, last, the motive of our coming?
 Peace!

The homely Dopper's passionate desire
 Since first he learned to handle Creusot guns,

Or play the pom-pom. Peace, that holy state,

The thing expressly stipulated for
 I' th' ultimatum, framed to that intent,
 But basely misconstrued by men of sin
 On whom the gripe of Satan lieth hard,
 In Uncle's pregnant phrase, addressed to Raad.

To these, with promise to ignore the past,
 We come but now from making vain appeal;
 In person, no, since absent-mindedness
 Aboundeth, very wanton, in their streets;



£

SWINSON

QUITE UNDERSTOOD.

COLUMBIA (to BRITANNIA). "YOU MUSTN'T MIND THOSE NOISY BOYS OF MINE. YOU KNOW, MY DEAR, IT'S ELECTION TIME."

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But through th' *Express*, the monarchs' medium,
And mouth-piece made for sovereign States to blow.

So far, in fine, our modest plea has failed,
Whether in print or uttered eye to eye
I th' Courts of Europe, where the love of us,
Flattered as England's enemy, is large,
But larger yet the love of their own skins.
And, since in factions' mutual hate is found

The opportunity of honest men,
To you, our ultimate resort, we come,
Minds open, conscience clear of prejudice,
Prepared to pose on what darned plank you will.

You ear a moment—not for publication!
If any local frictions should occur
Demanding lubricants? You understand?

O. S.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 7.—Ministers had a bad night on Friday. Attacked from all sides on matter of publication of brief remarks by BONS on Spion Kop affair, defence left entirely to official apologists. Dilemma coming on top of some other blunders might, in face of united, disciplined Opposition, be awkward, even with majority of 130. To-night things going wrong in fresh quarter. Uganda Railway, estimated to cost under two millions, turns out to involve a certain expenditure of five.

St. JOHN BRODRICK, endeavouring to make best of bad business, explains that so-called estimate was based entirely upon conjecture. It seems Mr. Wilkins Micawber was in charge of business. He viewed the scene of operations with airy glance of confidence; went straight on through desert, river, and morass, hoping that somewhere, somehow, something, would turn up to justify his sanguine forecast. He was disappointed. The blossom was blighted. The leaf was withered. The God of Day went down upon the dreary scene.

St. JOHN BRODRICK lacks Mr. Micawber's mellifluous fluency of speech, as well as his dignified rotundity of figure. But the tone of his remarks curiously reminiscent.

"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," he said in effect. "Under the temporary pressure of pecuniary liabilities contracted with a view to their immediate liquidation, but remaining unliquidated through a combination of circumstances alike humiliating to endure, humiliating to relate, Her Majesty's Government are compelled to come down to the House to ask for a trifle of an additional £1,000,000. This granted,



A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

Miss Chatterton. "YOU ARE A GREAT POET, AREN'T YOU, M. DUMONT?"
M. Dumont. "No, MADEMOISELLE, I AM NOT POET AT ALL, HÉLAS! I AM ONLY WHAT YOU CALL A—PROSER!"

the cloud will pass from the dreary scene; the God of Day will be once more high on the mountain tops. Refuse it, the result is destruction. The bolt is impending, and the tree must fall."

As debate went on PRINCE ARTHUR moved restlessly in and out. Whilst Leader of Opposition spoke, dexterously exposing the weak points of the policy and administration responsible for the mess, he prepared to reply. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN's position not without difficulty. It was the Liberal Government, of which he had been member, that was responsible for the policy of making a railway in Uganda. But, as EDWARD GREY put it, it was "a" railway, not this particular line. Nor were Lord ROSEBERY and his colleagues responsible for management of the affair. Obvious and only game of Leader of Opposition was to make the most of Ministerial blunders, whilst stopping short of action, logical conclusion of which was to abandon the costly enterprise midway.

This CAWMELL-BANNERMAN did with

tact, skill and humour. BRYNMOR JONES, knowing a better way, whilst in favour of making the railway, moved an amendment refusing to find the money for completing it. Leader of Opposition expressed hope that that line of action would not be adopted. For himself he certainly could not vote for the amendment.

PRINCE ARTHUR, narrowly watching gentlemen below gangway opposite, discerned their intention. They would throw over their Leader, affording another object lesson illustrative of the unity of the Opposition. By way of reinstating stumbling Ministers, helping them over a nasty fence, that better than any speech from Treasury Bench, however conclusive. So PRINCE ARTHUR held his peace, and chuckled as he watched fifty-three good men and true, the flower of the Radical party, go forth into the division lobby to flout their Leader.

Business done.—Second reading of Uganda Railway Bill carried by 226 votes against 53.

Tuesday.—It was WILLIAM LAWIES JACKSON who was directly, though quite innocently, responsible for dilemma in which House to-night found itself plunged. Questions on the paper over, he slowly rose from bench under shadow of SPEAKER's Chair and said something that sounded like quotation from the Burial Service. His voice didn't travel across the floor; but he looked so portentously wise, his tone so sepulchral in its solemnity, that members feared the worst. With strained attention, allusion caught to Select Committee on War Office Contracts. By strange association of ideas that sometimes possesses the perturbed mind, members recalled how, upon a time, JACKSON was Chairman of South Africa Committee. Now he filled same post upon another Committee, likewise called into birth to deal with certain shady matters.

SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE observed that JACKSON had selected a remote place. Might be an accident; certainly, if occasion rose for profiting by the policy of the open door he could bolt. Vague suspicion of something wrong deepened when JEMMY LOWTHER interposed with expression of opinion that proceedings of Committee would become an absolute farce. Only thing for honest men to do was to take a division. What JACKSON had been hoarsely whispering they didn't quite know. Appearances were against him; division insisted upon.

When they came back plot thickened. JACKSON having removed a pace or two nearer the door was on his legs again. There rolled through hushed chamber a fresh quotation from the Burial Service, in which was interpolated reference

to minutes of the evidence of a Select Committee that met in 1873. Instantly CAMERON and half a dozen other members on their feet protesting. Here was deep design disclosed! CAMERON, who was nearer than others to the graveside over which JACKSON presided, assisted common understanding of position by suggesting that meaning of new move was to Burke valuable but, for evil purposes, disconcerting evidence.

Only by tact of SPEAKER another division avoided. When, later, JACKSON's Committee came to the front again on the Privilege Question, pent-up feelings burst forth like a cataract, and the House made itself supremely ridiculous. Which is the accustomed conclusion of Privilege motions.

Business done.—By majority of 192 against 100 House declared certain Liverpool solicitors been guilty of breach of Privilege. By majority of 192 against 139 resolved to say no more about it.

Thursday.—Sitting given up to discussion of problem how to house the London poor. Series of long addresses. Odd to see in Peers gallery one who made no speeches on the question; just went and settled it. No man, not even CHRISTOPHER WREN, has achieved stone-and-mortar memorial of greater interest than Lord ROWRON will leave to London. To the New Zealander strolling over Vauxhall Bridge, or descending from the 'bus near the Elephant and Castle, he might, if he were not a modest man, say, "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

MONTY CORRY, to recall a familiar name, embarked much of his patrimony

upon the work. He gave up to it—rare sacrifice—all his time and energy. The amount of good done in way of alleviating the lot of the struggling labourer is incalculable. And all achieved without speech-making, public meetings or other fuss.

We have our different ways. In the Commons we talk. Outside a clear-headed, big-natured man quietly works.

Business done.—Second reading of Housing of the Working Classes Bill talked around from four o'clock till midnight. Nothing done.

Friday.—On motion of Ministerial Whip, writ ordered to issue for new election in Isle of Wight division of Hampshire in place of Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, who, since his election, has accepted the office of Master of the Rolls.

Thus exit DICK WEBSTER from a scene for fifteen years made pleasant and homely by his kind heart, lucid speech, supreme ability, unaffected manner. He will be missed in the House of Commons, and as few of us are likely to be brought up in the dock of the Court of Rolls, we shall not often meet again.

SARK has some idea of writing his life. Believes it would be equally effective with the history of DICK WHITTINGTON, as showing how Industry and Ability lead from lowest levels to highest aspirations. For one who began life as a Tubman (a bar-tender I know; in vain I ask SARK what is a Tubman), who served some time as a Postman, to rise to almost the highest seat on the judicial bench, is an honour alike to himself and to the institutions under which he has thriven.

Business done.—Small Talk in Committee of Supply.

"IN A GOOD CAUSE."

MR. PUNCH promised, and performs. By the way, the *Punch* Performance at the Palace Theatre Matinée brought in just on five hundred pounds to the Children's Hospital Fund, inclusive of the amount obtained by the sale of the "Souvenir Books."

À propos, the Souvenir Book, worth ten times the price at which it is now being sold, may be had, on application, at the *Punch* Office, and of all Booksellers in London. Its price, "not to put too fine a point upon it," is five shillings. It is positively giving it away. Such a real gem of art for the ridiculously small sum of five shillings! Nobody should be without this admirably got-up work, which is not only a volume in itself, but speaks volumes for *Mr. Punch* and his Artists on and outside the Staff, while eloquently appealing by Literature and Art to every one on behalf of the Children's Hospital Fund. Send orders for these "Souvenirs," and Post Office Orders as well, to

Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., Ltd.,
10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

Others are taking it up where *Mr. Punch* temporarily has left off. The



Elizabethan Madrigal Singers, which should be a very ancient musical corporation, judging by their title, are giving a concert at the Kensington Town Hall, on May 25, and the entire receipts will be handed over to the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. We wish it every possible success.

And, finally, here is the Summary at the closing of the Fund, Friday, May 11—

	£	s.	d.
Donations	12,986 1 9
New Annual Subscriptions	...	535 3 6	
Endowment Fund	...	2,810 0 0	
Total	...	£16,331 5 3	

This is indeed a grand total. *Mr. Punch*, on behalf of the Ormond Street Hospital, begs to sincerely thank his most kind "friends in front" for the hearty support so freely accorded to this most charitable work.

A RENDEZVOUS.

Jones (stopping Brown). Where to in such a hurry? To catch a train?

Brown. No—to meet a bill. [Exit.

"THE WINDY SIDE OF THE LAW."—Which side is this? Go into a solicitor's office: you'll soon be able to answer the question when you get near a draught.



PART I.—Trinity, Cambridge.

CHAPTER I.

HE Trinity clock was striking midnight, "twice over with

a male and female voice," as is the custom of that

celebrated timepiece. Nor was that the only sound that broke upon the stillness of the June night. Loud yells, yells thoroughly unacademic, but distinctly stimulating, echoed across the Great Court. "Put it on, BAX! You'll do it! Now then, DICK, shove along; you're gaining. Yoicks!! Forard, forard, forard! Spurt, spurt, oh spurt! Whoo-oop! Whoo-oo-oop!! BAX does it; DICK's gaining!" Such were the unusual noises that brought the Master of the College to his window, as with the last stroke of the clock two flying figures, that had made a mad circuit of the Court at top speed, dashed headlong into a welcoming group of their fellow undergraduates, having just managed, if I may use the beautiful language of the sporting papers, to administer a knock-down blow to the Scythe-bearer by the fraction of a second.

They had been engaged in a sporting event which is peculiar to the "great and magnificent foundation" of Trinity. It is the custom there, a custom, I hasten to add, not sanctioned by Deans and tutors, for the undergraduate whose spirits are elated to back himself occasionally to run round the Great Court while the clock is striking twelve. The Court is, I believe, the largest college quadrangle in the world, a fact which tells against the runner. On the other hand, however, the clock probably takes longer over its business than any other known clock, for it first proceeds with great deliberation to chime the quarters, and then attacks the hour twice over. It is possible, therefore, for a youth whose legs are fleet and whose wind is good to accomplish the task. At any rate it had been accomplished on this particular night by WILFRID ERSKINE BAXENDALE ST. JOHN BRAITHWAITE—that is how the name figures in the University Calendar, though his friends call him BAX—and DICK CARTER, two undergraduates whose condition was vouched for by the fact that on that very day

they had helped to row the Third Trinity boat head of the river, though it must be admitted that they had done what they could to impair their wind by taking part in the bump-supper, which a proud and grateful College had provided for the crew and its adherents, and a large sprinkling of their defeated rivals in the College hall.

On the night of a bump-supper a College is not exactly a scene of Arcadian peace, and Trinity had been no exception to the universal rule. There had been champagne, there had been toasts and speeches, there had been fireworks and a bonfire in the backs. Dons, sportively arrayed in blazers, had smiled benignantly upon the scene of revelry and turbulence. Large athletes, betrayed into unwanted affection by Bacchus and their triumphs, had insisted on embracing the Junior Dean. Little reading-men had lapsed into vociferous devilry and had defiantly sacrificed one another's chairs in the bonfire. Everybody had yelled to his heart's content and had executed weird dances round, and even through, the flames. There had been a bombardment of crackers and Roman candles which made it marvellous how any eye retained its sight; rockets had hissed; mortars had exploded—in fact, for one night only, the College had devoted itself to a good imitation of the lighter and more genial side of the infernal regions. Gradually, however, as the hours went on the revelry had died away. First the dons had folded their tents like the Arabs, then tired rowing men had crept to roost; the reading men retired, glowing, to their burrows, and comparative calm descended on the College.

The incident I have described as taking place in the Great Court was the last flicker of the expiring candle. At its conclusion wagered half-crowns had been paid over to the panting victors, and a porter emerging from the shadow of Queen Elizabeth's gateway had appealed to the revellers to cease their noise.

"There's very strict orders," he declared, "against any noise after midnight. You've 'ad a good ole kick up, gentlemen. Now do go to your rooms quiet."

The appeal struck the bolder spirits as a revelation.

"Of course, we'll go to our rooms; haven't been there for hours. Come along;" and with linked arms a dozen or so had clattered away into the recesses of Neville's and the New

Court. The rest lingered for a moment or two discussing the situation with the porter. Then they, too, drifted away, leaving BRAITHWAITE and CARTER alone.

"Good night, all of you!"

"Good night, BAX; good night, DICK. Don't forget breakfast to-morrow—devilled bones and gallons of tea—good night."

Their companions gone, the two runners turned into one of the staircases on the south side of the Court, mounted the wooden stairs, and entered the first-floor sitting-room, in which they "kept" together. Before following them in and listening for a short space to their conversation, it may be as well to introduce them with something more of ceremony.

CHAPTER II.

YOU are to imagine, then, two typical English youngsters, clean-limbed and active, with the clear eyes and ruddy complexion that speak eloquently of health and a sound constitution. Both had been at Eton, where they had rowed in the eight; they had come up to Cambridge together; had rowed, as freshmen, in their college eight, and had both been chosen, glory of glories, to row against Oxford in the following year. These circumstances and their tastes in exercise had thus marked them out as inseparables, a condition to which they had conformed still further by keeping together in one of those double sets of rooms of which there are several in the Great Court. So much for their resemblances. Their points of difference were not few. BRAITHWAITE, whose rowing weight was 12 st. 10 lb., and whose place in the University crew had been No. 4, stood well over six feet in height; his eyes were blue; his fair, shining hair rippled in waves over his head; the well-cut lines of his mouth and his whole air indeed showed firmness, resolution, and intelligence. CARTER was shorter and more slimly built, as beffited one of the best bows who had ever rowed a winning race from Putney to Mortlake; his dark hair lay straight upon his head, his eyes were dark, and a dark shadow, cast by that coming event, his moustache, was already perceptible upon his upper lip. It was an eminently good-humoured face for all its darkness, shrewd and smiling and irregular, the turned-up little nose and the dumpling cheeks contrasting remarkably with the regular lines of his friend's handsome features.

CARTER had paid a prosperous City merchant the compliment of becoming his son; BRAITHWAITE, as the son of Lord MARLOW and the grandson of the Earl of STILLINGFORD, was connected in one way or another with a considerable part of the House of Lords. But wealth and birth had left the one and the other unspoiled, and not even their athletic success had availed to give either of them a trace of that sort of swagger which the ordinary undergraduate resents bitterly in others, even when, as sometimes happens, he practises it himself. Both were, therefore, popular in the best sense of the word in the little world of Cambridge. Indeed, it may justly be said that no wholesomer or manlier lads were to be found amongst the many wholesome and manly lads who adorned the University.

Young BRAITHWAITE had been left an orphan at an early age, and since that time his grandfather, the old Earl, had taken charge of him and watched over his growth and education.

The Earl of STILLINGFORD, as everybody knows or ought to know, is Prime Minister, and leader of the great Conservative party. His political and social duties are therefore innumerable, but none of them has ever interfered with the affectionate care that he has lavished on his grandson. Indeed, the Earl has, on occasion, allowed his interest in the youngster to stand in the way of an important engagement. On the day of the last boat-race he was to have addressed an immense party gathering at St. James's Hall, but as I myself saw him on the Umpire's steamer, frantically waving his umbrella and shouting encouragements to Cambridge, I fear that there must have been less accuracy than is usual in the explanations which were given of

his lordship's failure to vindicate the policy of his party before the assembled political delegates.

However, the two young men are now well settled in their arm-chairs and shall speak for themselves. They ought, no doubt, to have gone at once to bed, but this was their first night out of training, and, the next day being Sunday, a long lie would be more than ordinarily permissible. At any rate, they sat on, and smoked pipes and talked.

"DICK," said BAX, suddenly interrupting the reminiscences of the boat-races, in which they had been indulging, "I'm not coming up next term. I'm going to spend all the Vac. and all next term in reading somewhere."

This startling announcement, for which nothing had prepared him, took DICK's breath away.

"My dear BAX," he expostulated, "you're joking."

"Never was more serious in my life. My mind's made up."

"But look here, BAX; give second thoughts a chance. Sleep on it. Take time to—"

"That's just what I'm not going to do, DICK. I've taken lots of time already—and wasted most of it. My old grandfather's quite right: I've got to pull up, and if I'm going to do that I've got to spend six months at least away from this place, doing solid reading, and thinking seriously about my career." ("Quotation from grandfather," interposed DICK.) "You shut up; it's none the worse for being a quotation. I'm coming round to the idea that the old man knows what he's talking about a deuced sight better than you or I, though he does happen to be close on seventy, and we're only twenty-two."

"All right, BAX, keep your hair on. I know it isn't everybody that's got a Prime Minister for grandfather. I wonder how it feels," he continued reflectively, "to have a big gun of that sort to look after one? Any way, it must be a bit of a bore for the old fellow. Just think of it! While he's sitting in his ancestral library composing a great speech to show that if some shocking radical hadn't lived every one would have been a thousand per cent. richer, especially the millionaires, and that all he himself can do is to patch together a few shattered pieces of the British Constitution, which every Englishman is ready to defend with his life blood (that's in his peroration)—just as he's trying to write all this down and learn it off by heart, in comes a gold-laced, powdered, silk-stockinged funkey—I've seen 'em, BAX; they're all like that in the best families—and offers him a pile of letters on a silver tray. First letter wants a peerage; second letter wants a deanery; third letter refuses to vote for him any longer unless he brings in a bill to abolish the London County Council; ten more letters all to the same effect, and, last, a letter from his dear grandson saying he's got a confession to make—bills have run up somehow—doesn't know how it is—they always do run up at Cambridge—will his beloved grandfather forgive him just this once and send him a cheque for two hundred to start him quite clear? Grandfather says 'D—n,' gold-laced funkey says, 'Beg your pardon, my lord,' and the bits of the British Constitution remain where they are, while grandpapa writes a cayenne-pepper letter to his boy. Oh, yes, it must be a dreadful life to have a grandson at Trinity, dreadful!"

"Not worse than having a son there. Ask your governor, and see if he doesn't agree with me. But, DICK, be serious for half a moment—yes, you can make me a lemon squash; you're not such a bad sort after all. Kind and domestic, and devoted to your parents and all that—I've got to do some real work if I mean to be any good at all in the Tripos. Wish I'd never gone in for it, but I wanted to please the old man, and after all I may scrape into the second class with luck. Well, I've got into the way of not reading up here, and if I came up next term it would be the same old story: I should have to row in the Four; couldn't keep out of it. You know the kind of arguments they use—a man must take some exercise; therefore, why not row?—besides, the honour of the Club requires it—it wouldn't

do to let First or the Hall walk over. So the long and the short of it would be I should have to row, and when one gets keen about a race, and hasn't got a natural inclination for sapping—well, you know what a rare lot of reading one's likely to get through. No, I'm going to make a break; I can spare the term, and then I'll come up again after Christmas and row in the 'Varsity, and if I don't play the fool, I shall get through the Trip all right—"

"And the *Sporting Life* will have a special paragraph next day, stating that amongst those who proceeded to the degree of B.A. was Mr. WILFRID ERSKINE BAXENDALE ST. JOHN BRAITHWAITE (19th in the 3rd class of the Classical *Tripos*), who is not merely the grandson of the Prime Minister, but a rowing Blue—that it is satisfactory to find so striking an illustration of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and that so long as England has such sons she will never, please the pigs, fall behind in the race, and that so mote it be. But, BAX, my resolute, immovable block of old red sandstone, whom are you going to read with?"

"That's just it, DICK. I don't know. Can you help me?"

"You don't deserve to be helped, you know, you really don't," replied his friend, assuming an air of profound depression. "You're going to desert me, leave me alone to face a heartless bed-maker and a cold, unfeeling Dean. No matter, it shall never be said that a CARTER failed a BRAITHWAITE in the hour of his need, even if he had to sacrifice himself. BAX, I've got the very thing for you."

"Don't rot, DICK."

"Hear him," said DICK, appealing tragically to an imaginary audience, "hear him, everybody. Isn't he a dear to talk of rotting to the friend of his infancy? But I tell you, WILFRID ERSKINE Etcetera, I have got the very thing for you, and what's more it's a relation of mine, a beloved uncle, in fact—may I be forgiven for putting a maternal uncle to so base a use—he's a Vicar, BAXENDALE—the Rev. HUBERT EUSEBIUS HADDEN is his ancient name—and he's a mine of learning, oh, ST. JOHN of my heart; was second classic up here in the year one, edits things and emends the old Greek and Latin Johnnies. He's the ticket for you, BAX."

"But, dash it all, he won't take me as a pupil."

"Oh yes he will. You leave that to me. All I've got to do is to ask him prettily and tell him what a real good—ahem—abandoned, scoundrelly, good-for-nothing rogue you are, and he'll take you fast enough. And, oh, BAXY, my boy, I've had a letter from him to-day, and he's coming here on Monday, with Aunt CONSTANTIA and my adorable Cousin MILLIE, and if you're a good boy we'll all lunch together and go to the Trinity ball and fix the whole thing up."

"DICK, you're a ripper. Why, nothing could be better."

"But there's one thing I ask, BAX—in fact, I must insist on it. No flirting with Aunt CONSTANTIA. She loves me fondly, and I will not have her young affections tampered with by any one's eldest grandson; and, oh my, BAX"—a sudden thought struck him with consternation—"what about Henley? You're not going to chuck Henley, are you?"

"No, old man, I'm not. We'll row for Leander and we'll have a good try for the Grand, and then I'll turn into a student, and let my beard grow, and take walks, and sap like beans, and your uncle shall fill me chock full of classical tips, and—oh, it's a lovely, enticing prospect, isn't it?"

"Never mind, BAX; I daresay it'll do you good. And now to bed, my lamp of learning, or else there won't be any night left to sleep in."

CHAPTER III.

A LUNCH at Trinity during what is still called the "May" week is no small or unimportant affair, and the minds of our two young friends were much exercised on the question of a menu suited to their own reputation as *Luculli*, and to the pleasant but embarrassing fact that they were to entertain ladies. Eventually, however, the preliminary arrangements were duly made, the meringue eggs in their nest of delicately

spun sugar were ordered, the gyp received his instructions, the bed-maker busied herself in conversation and the running of eleventh-hour errands in search of flowers or preserved fruit, and BRAITHWAITE and CARTER felt as the time drew near that they had done all that lay in mortals to command success—even to the extent of purchasing a footstool, not a common article in college rooms, for the benefit of Aunt CONSTANTIA.

The HADDEN party arrived by an early train, and having left their luggage at the "Bull," they still had time for a saunter round the Colleges. Here the Vicar was in his glory. The newer buildings, to be sure, distressed him; he failed to realise their architectural beauty and seemed to think that Cambridge, as he remembered it, was a better place. It was his daughter's first visit to Cambridge, and the old man delighted in pointing out to her the familiar places, peopled with vanished but unforgotten friends, to which his memory fondly turned as though the events that made them dear to him had happened but yesterday. Aunt CONSTANTIA had been through the mill before, and if her interest flagged occasionally it must be remembered that she had breakfasted early and that for a lady of her ample proportions a walk through college courts seemed a superfluous preparation for the lunch to which she looked forward. But MILLIE was all attention and delight. Her laughing eyes lit up with interest as her father recounted his undergraduate exploits, from the daring terror of which, I am forced to admit, he subtracted not a jot as he lovingly detailed them to his daughter.

"There, MILLIE," he said, as they stood in the Trinity New Court, "that was my room, ground floor, Letter C. That's where we had a famous supper after the races in the Lent term when I was a freshman." Aunt CONSTANTIA knew the dare-devil story that was coming, and endeavoured vainly to interpose. "There were twenty of us in that small room; and when it was over I remember somebody suggested a game of football with pillows. MILLIE, it snowed feathers that night; not a pillow was left in the New Court, and next morning—"

"My dear," said Aunt CONSTANTIA, "don't you think we had better be moving on? DICK has lunch waiting for us, and we mustn't be late." The adventure of the pillows, therefore, remained uncompleted, and the party betook themselves to the Great Court rooms in which preparations had been made to receive them.

Miss MILLICENT HADDEN was certainly a very pretty girl—not classically beautiful, but something far better—bright, cheerful, and fascinating, with cheeks as soft and clear, eyes as sparkling and true, and mouth as smiling and attractive—there is no other word for it—as ever turned the thoughts of an undergraduate from athletics to the contemplation of undreamt of excellences in woman. The young men of Cambridge are not always, it must be admitted, at their best and easiest in the society of ladies. I have seen the gayest and the brightest of them reduced to a shy and terrified silence by one weak girl. "Where be your gibes now; your gambols, your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now. Quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber." Excellent advice, no doubt, but not calculated to restore the equanimity of a youth already depressed by ladies and moving about in worlds not realised.

This lunch, however, was an exception. DICK was among his own people, and BRAITHWAITE, as DICK's best friend, soon found himself on terms of kindly intimacy with the three guests.

"Mr. BRAITHWAITE," said MILLIE, towards the end of the feast, "don't you feel proud of being a man, and rowing in glorious races and being allowed to do as you like?"

"I don't know so much about that, Miss HADDEN. One gets pretty well used to being a man; and even boat-races pall after a time. And as to doing what we like—well, you don't know our tutors and Deans; they're simply terrors. I assure you we're the most down-trodden lot in the world."

"Then," she retorted, with a quick look at the Vicar, who, oblivious of Greek texts and philosophy, was explaining to DICK a private theory of his own for the circumvention of proctors, "then all I can say is that you must all be very different from Papa's friends when he was an undergraduate. Papa doesn't look very terrible,"—the Vicar, as a matter of fact, though his frame was massive and his limbs still strong, was a picture of mild benevolence—"but one mustn't judge by looks, and I know he was very wild and daring at Cambridge."

"Do you know what I'm going to do, Miss HADDEN? I feel I want rousing into wildness, so I'm going to ask Mr. HADDEN to take me in and coach me—not in books—of course not—but in recklessness, I mean, and all that. Do you think he'll be willing to do it?"

"He might, perhaps. But we shall have to ask Plato first."

"Plato? What's he got to do with it?"

"Oh, Mr. BRAITHWAITE, you don't mean to say you don't know Plato! Where have you lived? Plato is the only dog in the whole world, and we never do anything without consulting him."

However, before the banquet had ended the Vicar had agreed to take charge of BRAITHWAITE. Aunt CONSTANTIA had signified a smiling assent, and, though MILLIE declared that Plato would be deeply offended, her objection was overruled and the matter was concluded. It had also been provisionally settled that the HADDENS were to come to Henley Regatta to see Leander row for the Grand Challenge Cup.

It is not my purpose, even if I had the power, to describe the glories of the Trinity ball held that same evening in the Corn Exchange. MILLIE looked ravishing, and her card filled to overflowing. By a special indulgence she conferred three dances and an extra on BAX, and that young man went home at 5 a.m., his head full of unaccustomed rosy visions, and with far pleasanter views of his coming retirement from Cambridge. Thus dreaming he climbed the staircase and opened his door. A surprise awaited him. As he entered his sitting-room, he was startled to find himself in the presence of three ancient females of a stern and forbidding aspect. One of them was knitting, another was apparently cutting patterns with a huge pair of scissors, and the third had in her hands a knotted stick with which she now and then pointed gloomily at the spell-bound undergraduate.

His first thought was that a party of early bed-makers had strayed into his room.

"Bedders, by Jove!" he muttered, half aloud.

"Oh, youth," said the stick-bearer, shaking her grizzled locks, "speak words of good omen, or be still. We be no bed-makers, my sisters and I. From remote places have we come hither."

"Upon my word, it's deuced good of you," stammered BAX, "but I'm afraid I'm not arranged for ladies at this hour of the morning—haven't got any spare rooms for you. Now, at the 'Bull'—"

"Is it a sacrifice thou speakest of?" interrupted the pattern-cutter. "Know then, that we have no need of sacrifices. We are come to make enquiries of thee. And first as to the legend of thy house. Is it not 'Fatis obstare paratus'?"

"Well, yes," admitted BAX, "that is the family motto, though we pronounce it a bit differently."

The hags laughed a solemn, blood-curdling laugh, and she of the knitting-needles spoke—

"Surely it is a jest, for no man can withstand the Fates, whether they decree good fortune or evil. But thou art young and of a goodly countenance, and we are well disposed towards thee. Nay, shrink not. Such timidity ill becomes a youth."

"Let him alone, CLOTTY," said the stick-bearer. "Don't

make him think we can't talk naturally. And as for you, Mr. BRAITHWAITE, be assured that we shall watch over you. But first speak to us of your hopes and fears."

Now, if there is one thing that an English boy hates above all others it is talking about himself, his ambitions, and his intimate thoughts. He looks with deep suspicion on a man who wears his heart upon his sleeve, and who offends convention and his acquaintances by always "gassing about his own beastly self." BRAITHWAITE, therefore, showed not the least readiness to detail his private affairs to the three weird visitors who had invaded his rooms. The lady of the stick, however, pressed him inexorably.

"Speak," she said, "for if we are to help you, it is necessary that you yourself should lay bare your inmost thoughts."

BRAITHWAITE still struggled; he felt he was not good at confessions; and besides, what on earth had these three weather-beaten old ladies to do with him? On what grounds did they claim the right of cross-examining him as to his hopes in life? Anyhow, he was hanged if he was going to tell them anything.

But, even as he silently expressed this determination to himself his resolution seemed to grow weaker; sentences formed themselves spontaneously in his head and clamoured for utterance.

"Speak!" said the three in a solemn and almost menacing chorus.

Something seemed to snap in BRAITHWAITE'S head and words burst from his lips. He told them about his grandfather; he spoke of his own hopes of a political career; his slackness in reading; his gloomy anticipation of failure in his Tripos; his delight at having gained his Blue and helped to defeat Oxford; his triumph in having rowed head of the river; his estimate, a low one, it must be admitted, of his tutor's capacity for controlling him; his money difficulties—all these matters he poured out in a voluminous stream without pausing for a moment. How he contrived to shake off all proper reserve he never understood. When he thought of the scene afterwards he grew hot all over and blushed with shame at the memory of his want of modesty and reticence. He spoke of his popularity and his looks.

"I know," he declared, "that fellows like me. I can see that well enough. Oh, yes, I'm fairly popular up here, and of course, you know, I ought to be, for I'm a pretty good oar, and all that, and I'm not bad-looking either—am I?"

It was a hideous, distorted revelation of his inmost self that he offered to his visitors, but he could no more have stopped himself than he could have sunk through the floor of his room, as he wished to. How much more he might have said will never be known. He himself thinks he might even have gone on to speak of MILLIE—MILLIE, whose very name had already become sacred to him. But before he could commit this atrocity, a well-known step sounded on the staircase, the door opened, and to BRAITHWAITE'S immense relief DICK entered the room.

"Why, BAX, old man," he said, "what's the matter with you? What the deuce were you talking about at the top of your voice all to yourself. You look as if you'd seen half-a-dozen ghosts."

"DICK, I'm not—that's to say I'm all right. Never felt better in my life. But who the dickens are these three old girls who—By Jove! they're gone. They were here a moment ago."

"Three old grandmothers," said DICK, cheerfully incredulous; "you've over-danced yourself, and over-eaten yourself, and over-fizzed yourself, and over-talked yourself. You're half-asleep already. Best thing you can do is to go to bed."

(To be continued.)